

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR

He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.—Jesus Christ.
Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.—A Voice from Heaven.

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Saturday, July 31, 1858.

Price One Penny.

FAITHFULNESS.

BY EMILY E. TEASDALE.

How much is there in the future to inspire the Saint of God to continue faithful in the path of rectitude! How comparatively small the attraction to draw him from the kingdom! What is a life spent in sinful pleasures, in comparison with the maturer joys that shall be eternal? What though he aspires to fame and win the laurel wreath? A few years will pass away, and all that remains of his greatness is a magnificent tomb, and his name engroven on the scroll of fame. But where is his spirit now? Awakened to the realization of the great loss he has sustained—not, perhaps, to himself alone, there may be kindred spirits behind the veil waiting with anxious hopes for his onward progress, that he may one day stand for them as a saviour upon Mount Zion. Will those honest souls be lost, because they lived not in a Gospel dispensation? Oh, no! But the glory is lost to him: that crown which should have graced his brow, shining with the brightness of the stars for ever and ever, he has forfeited, and set the crown alone, but the dearest associations the heart can know, with all the soul's sympathies and desire. Did the thought ever occur to those who resign their position in this kingdom for the loftier associations here, Who and what will be their companions hereafter? (Rev. xiii. 15.) Let us, how-

ever, look at the bright side of the future. He remains faithful to his calling; it is recognised by the Priesthood, and is recorded in heaven; and he is counted worthy to devote his talents and energies to the upbuilding of the kingdom of God on the earth. It is true, trials and difficulties await him; but he is sustained by the Spirit of God, whispering peace and recompense eternal. Time passes on, and age silvers his locks; he blesses his children; and, for awhile, his body reposes in the bosom of his mother earth, and nature's debt is paid. But does he die? No; the righteous never die; but his mission here is accomplished, and his spirit is gone to another sphere of action. Dare you pronounce him dead whom Jesus said should never die? (John ii. 26.) The body alone is committed to the tomb, but the intelligent portion of the man passes from the body, which is a dwelling place for the spirit, that it may be enabled to accompany its salvation in this its second estate, and, if found worthy, shall become immortal as the spirit. He rests; yet he realises not a fulness of joy; but, with joyful anticipation, he awaits the time when his spirit and body shall be reunited, in the land of Israel's inheritance, shared by the gentle partner of his bosom, to whom through life he has been as a morning and evening

star,—yes, greater; for her star never set, but onward and upward it rose on the horizon of the great Millennial as a sun of righteousness. Then is proclaimed the marriage supper of the Lamb: an invitation is sent to him and his household to become its honoured guests. Oh! happy one, landed beyond the shoals of time, with the children whom God has entrusted to your care! Dare we lift the veil and mark his progress still, becoming the father, now, of spirits he may call his own, and permitted, like his great Eternal Father, to organize the elements into a planet, where he may prepare bodies for his numerous offspring, in order for them to prove themselves in a second estate, as he himself has done?

Are not these blessings worth living and dying for? When temptation crosses our path, let us take a prospective glance,

and it will vanish like dew before the king of day, and another testimony will be added to the knowledge of the past, that this is indeed the kingdom of God; and He will give us strength according to our day, and our hearts will swell with gratitude to our Father in heaven for permitting our spirits to take tabernacles in the dispensation of the fulness of times, when the Priesthood of God is restored to the earth, as spoken of by Daniel. If we are faithful, nothing can impede our progress in this great work. The Gospel car will roll on and wait for no man. Let all our energies be concentrated and brought to a focus, in assisting to establish the kingdom of God, and all will be well with us. The day is nigh at hand when our fondest anticipations of happiness shall be realized, and we shall be clothed upon with immortality and inherit eternal lives.

INTERESTING LETTERS FROM UTAH.

Great Salt Lake City,

May, 1858.

My dear Father and Mother,—I feel that I must write you another letter before I leave my home, as I do not know when or where I may get another opportunity of writing to you. I suppose that you have heard, by this time, through your papers, *that we are leaving our beautiful valley*—to go, we know not whither.

When first my beloved husband announced to me that it was decided that we should leave, I felt a pang at my heart. I looked out at my little flower-garden, the work of our own hands, and then around me, inside my little cottage, on the few little comforts which we had accumulated through hard labour; then I sauntered into the little room which I had prepared for your reception this season. I must abandon them all and the hope of meeting father and mother and the rest of the family. And last, but not least, I looked upon our little ones, and my grief knew no bounds. In my rebellious heart, I felt to say, "I cannot expose my little ones to the trials of a wandering life, and ah, horror! perhaps the scalping-knife of the Indians; for we know that the soldiers are bribing them." I fancy I can hear you both say, "Is not

'Mormonism' worth all these sacrifices, and even our lives?" Yes, my dear father and mother, it is. But you also know how very fond of home I am; and my love for my husband and children knows no bounds; and I felt that to see those dear ones suffering again, as I did before we had a home, was more than my strength could bear; but all this was the struggle of a few hours only. When I began to reflect upon my conduct, I felt truly ashamed of my weakness. How often had I, in bearing my testimony, said that I was willing to make any sacrifice for the work of the Lord; and when He was going to put me to the test, should I turn like a coward and say, "I cannot do it." And then my rebellious heart would turn again and say, "Is it not your own house and land? Did you not toil hard enough to get it? Did you not sell all your trinkets, clothing—everything, in fact, that you possessed, to get the adobies to build it? And why should you give it up to a band of robbers, or, in other terms, to President Buchanan's troops, which are the same?"

But still I struggled, and conquered. I then made up my mind that, if I had to die, it should be in the path of duty; and when my husband returned in the

evening, I could talk calmly to him of preparations for our departure. I next thought that, as I was now so strong, it was my duty to go and see Ellen and James; but what was my surprise, on reaching their house, to find them all ready to start; and when I asked Ellen if she did not feel a little bad at leaving her home, (for you know that she had one of the most comfortable in the Valley,) she said, with a smile, "These things are not ours; they are the Lord's; and if he requires me to leave them, I am ready." I am sure you will think her a most noble woman, as I do. Where we are going, I know not; but this I do know—that if it were not for our own ultimate good, we should not be permitted to leave these valleys.

Go where you will, you will see the Saints making cheerful preparations for their departure, and a word of comfort on their lips for their neighbours; notwithstanding which, a keen observer might perceive a tear glistening in the eye of some of the stoutest among us. We have enough to eat, and for that we are thankful. Our clothing is nearly all worn out, and it is not possible to buy any more here. If we had heeded the counsel of brother Brigham a little sooner, we should now have had an abundance of clothing; but we are like children—we have to learn by experience. I think sometimes that if you could see me, you might enjoy a hearty laugh at my expense; but, fortunately for me, I have now no mirror, and therefore my own appearance does not annoy me much. I still have in my possession an article for daily wear, which once bore the appellation of a "dress;" but so transformed is it, that it would be difficult for a casual observer to decide which was the original dress piece. My husband also wears a coat of many colours. As for buying shoes and stockings, they are quite out of the question. We should have been out of this unpleasant state, if our enemies would only have left us alone; for we all began to see the necessity of manufacturing our own goods. We have already made some very good flannel here. We have twelve sheep of our own, two cows, and three horses, two of which were working on the farm; the other was my own private property, made a present to me by my husband.

[A postscript to this letter, dated at

an encampment thirty-five miles from Salt Lake City, adds:]

We are now 35 miles from the city, and living under our tents. I have nothing particular to add, save that my little Joseph is sick; but I have faith that he will get well. We do not trouble about him, nor about ourselves; we will all get through our trouble some day. It is good to feel that the Lord is for us, though men be against us. I am resigned to my fate. It is all for the best.

Your affectionate daughter,

G— R—.

Great Salt Lake City,
May 10, 1858.

My dear Sons, Thomas and George,—Elder S. W. Richards, with his small express company—Snyder, Green, Hatch, Clinton, Wakely, and Turner—arrived here this morning, in thirty-five days, from Florence. By this you will learn our latest information from the States. I was disappointed in learning from brother R. that he had no letter for us, though he had seen you several times in New York. It is common to us all to wish for letters and to feel sorry at the silence of distant friends; but we seldom esteem our own communications to be of the same value to others. In future, I hope that no opportunity of communication will be neglected.

The last time that I wrote to you, I was warranted by circumstances to urge you to come here at the first opening of emigration, and I fully anticipated seeing you before many months; but now, my sons, my hopes for the present are blasted. When I may have the privilege of seeing you in the flesh is beyond my ken; and, what is worse, I see no basis from which comforting hope may spring. I have every confidence in your integrity before the Lord, and feel that, with me, you will bear the dispensations of Providence for perfecting us in the school of adversity and experience without a murmur.

We were yesterday informed, in our Ward meeting, of the immediate departure of an express for the States, under the direction of brothers Murdock and Knowlton; so I resolved to write you, lest I might not find such an opportunity again for some time to come, that you might know that we are all well and enjoying

health and happiness, and joy and peace in our most unpopular religion.

From all that has transpired and is transpiring in the world in opposition to "Mormonism," particularly during the last two years, you may be ready to conclude that we are all in a most pitiable position; but I am happy to tell you, my sons, that we were never better in our religion, never more truly devoted to it, never more convinced of its divinity, and never have enjoyed more of the Spirit of the Lord. During last fall and winter, nothing, to us, was more apparently certain than that we would have our peaceful city crowded with military forces, sent to put down order and establish riot and confusion throughout the Territory. I am happy, however, to say that the army is still one hundred miles off, and that things wear a more favourable aspect.

At the present time we are all moving south. For sixty miles north, the whole inhabitants are leaving and have left their farms and homesteads, to sojourn, like Abraham of old, not knowing whither they are going. In this great city, the houses are mostly forsaken by their former occupants, who have gone with the stream of emigration. I am not yet released from my place of appointment; yet I have not been deaf to the instructions given, having forwarded two loads of breadstuffs and other necessary articles of domestic use with your mother and Mary, to wait for my release at a halting-place thirty-five miles from here, on the way to Fillmore, which is one hundred and sixty miles from this city, and from that onward, never more to return, or back again, as the children of Israel journeyed in fleeing from their oppressors in the wilderness anciently—just as the voice of inspiration may direct.

We have in the city, at present, Governor Cumming, who was sent out by President Buchanan to act as Governor of Utah. He is residing, for the time being, with your brother-in-law, whose splendid mansion, beautiful garden, and, above all, his well-plenished and elegantly-furnished rooms, and otherwise tasteful and agreeable accommodations, have been made the home of his Excellency, during his visit to this far-famed, notorious city. I have been in the gentleman's company, and, from my physiological knowledge of

the outward man, I would say that he is, in appearance, a very social, good-natured-looking gentleman—a good specimen of an old country aristocrat, at ease in himself and at peace with all the world; although his coming here with a great army appears rather ominous of a contrary character. However, he speaks well of this people, and he could not do otherwise; but, as there are so very few in the Gentile world who can do this, I must give him credit for speaking the truth. Oh that he had been sent here, with honourable associates, to discharge the duties of Federal officers, without that scourge and calamity for any people—the army! The misery that I have witnessed, and that only at the commencement of our pilgrimage, would have been unknown. Many a heavy heart to-day would still have been light and merry; many a little innocent that has been out exposed to drenching rain in its mother's arms, these last few weeks, would have been at home, nursed and watched over with that affection a tender mother can give and their helplessness demands. But oh, my sons, I must refrain from picturing to your mind what has almost broken my own heart. As for the honour of martyrdom, or to seek a resting-place with the eagle, it is not quite so enviable a position, when really in it, as to talk about it more than a thousand miles off, as we used to do of old at home, when the Saints were expelled from Nauvoo. Yes, I could tell you much, but I shall refrain.

Some may say we have brought the misery upon ourselves, by refusing to accept a new Governor. This is unqualifiedly false. We prefer President Young to any living man, and have done our utmost to have him re-appointed; but had Mr. Cumming, or any other man of his character, been appointed, without the army accompaniment, we would have received him. I know what I say to be just as true as it is true that we have received him respectfully and courteously into our midst now. It was only yesterday that what President Young said on that subject was the topic of conversation in a small select company, of which I was one. Five out of the six heard him the time he is said to have spoken about being Governor as long as the Lord would have it so, in spite of the opposition of men; and all heard him the second time make

allusion to it, on the return of our delegate from Congress. We get the *Deseret News* to refer to his words; and as you are not likely to possess them, I shall quote his words, that you may speak on that subject with the assurance of a full understanding of the fact. President Young, on the 17th of June, 1855, spoke in the Tabernacle, as follows:—

"There is one statement which I have already made in this stand twice or thrice; but I will now make it again before our delegate, for it has caused him much trouble. It has been reported, in the United States, that Brigham should have said that the President of the United States could not remove him from his office. Exhorting the brethren and sisters, I said, 'Do not be alarmed, neither let your hearts sink within you, or be worried in the least with regard to a new Governor's coming to this Territory; for the Lord Almighty will preserve your present Governor unto you as long as he pleases, and no power can hinder. And if it is his will to remove the present Governor, know ye that it will be for the best.' That is the spirit of what I said, if not the exact words; and I say so now. President Pierce has been in power long enough to try the experiment, and there have been many to influence him to remove the Governor of this Territory from office. Is it done? It is not, though we nearly thought it was, when Col. Steptoe received the appointment; but the Lord operated upon the Colonel to continue his march to California. He received his commission, but he would not be qualified. There were many applicants for the office, but they have not yet got it; and the Lord can baffle them as long as he pleases. He turns the hearts of men when they know it not, and the mysterious workings of his providence among the people they do not understand. He rules in their midst, and controls the nations of the earth according to his will and pleasure; so he does in this case, and will continue to do, just as long as seemeth him good. When he wishes another Governor here, the proper person will be on hand: until then, there is no power beneath the heavens that can simply remove the present Governor of Utah, much less the loyal people who inhabit these mountains."

Such was the language of brother Brigham, delivered in my own hearing.

It adds honour to his head and heart; and should add disgrace to those who have maligned him; tortured his language for their own fiendish purposes, and brought upon us the crushing power of the despot. My sons, walk not in the path of the wicked, nor join them in their mockery; for a day of reckoning will come, when they will be badly prepared to meet their obligations. I know Brigham to be the Prophet of the Lord; and, to-day, the ex-Governor is, in my sight, guiding this people in a severe trial, restraining, by his influence, the party opposed to peace, controlling their ruffled tempers, maintaining order among them, and inspiring them with confidence in the Lord, ten thousand times more worthy of honour than any governor, king, or emperor upon the earth.

Your brothers and sisters are all well. John is married. A. lives about two hundred yards from my dwelling, and her little girl is running about, just the picture and figure of herself when at that age; but this cup of joy will soon be dashed from my lips. She, too, wanders, in a few days, from a comfortable home. I truly wish, notwithstanding, that my grandchildren in New York were even that near me. L. is still as hearty and healthy as she used to be when she tripped the heather hills of auld Scotia. M. is a harum-scarum fellow, as wild as a young buck. He has left with your mother's team. They all remember you and wish you were here to toddle the road with us, that we might bear our wayward fate together. I should very much like to see my daughter J. I am glad that the ways of the Gentiles have no attractions for her. She is a good soul—how I love her!—the remembrance of her, when her sparkling hazel eyes used to light up my countenance, the lustre of which shines through the dim distance of many years, in the remembrance of her father. God bless her and all of you, until the time comes when he shall be pleased to gather the scattered remnants of his people. From where, or when you will have another letter from me, I know not; but you may rest assured that, wherever the Church is located, there I hope you will find me. This is my desire and prayer. I am aware that many will forsake their first love and return to the States. They say it is too much to endure. "Mormon-

ism" is unpopular, and they are bound to suffer for it, and cannot make the sacrifice. If I know my own heart, I desire to trust in my God for my deliverance, and leave all my interests in his hands.

May the Lord bless and sustain you in the faith, and enable you to overcome and be ready to sit down with Jesus Christ when he shall come to reign on the earth, is the prayer of your affectionate father,

J. L.

P.S.—I was afraid to be too late, and hurriedly finished my letter. I have just seen Col. Kane; and, hearing that the express does not leave so early as I thought, I feel something drawing me again to communion with you. My letter closed, and at the reflection that it might be for years that I would be deprived of the privilege of speaking to you, I felt, perhaps, more keenly than before, the position in which we are now placed. Do not think that I am grieving over my lot and wish to shrink the hour of trial. God knows I do not. But

"Man's humanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn,"

is the groundwork of my reflections. Of my sacrifices to get here, you know well. My most earnest hope and prayer was to see my family comfortably around me and your mother in our declining years. We patiently endured many privations on the way here, and, for the first two years after our arrival, lived very economically, depriving ourselves of many comforts and even necessities of life, to gather around us something for a home. We got the start, and added daily to that home what we could by honest industry, and often did we sing with the spirit and understanding—

"We'll plough, and sow, and joyful reap
The land our God has given,
To bless our friends, to bless our foes,
And make our home a heaven."

But, alas! that labour of years I must leave; that cherished hope of independence in the evening of life has vanished, and before me is again the wilderness to body and to mind. Where we shall settle we know not; what may befall us is hid from our eyes: but if the mighty God of Jacob holds guiltless our persecutors for all we suffer, I have no understanding of retribution befitting infinite justice. There I leave my troubles.

Last Friday, I met brother M., about the first person whose acquaintance I

made on my arrival in this city, driving his team on "the south track." It was a sad, yet a happy sight. The old man has seen threescore years and ten, yet is as straight and upright as when he left the military school, where, according to his statement, he had spent many an hour, as well as on the gory field. He embraced the Gospel in the city where you now reside. He was then in good circumstances: his person bears his statement witness. His faithful companion, a few years younger than himself, and their only son, went to Nauvoo in 1842. They lived together—suffered much the first year from sickness. From the sale of their property, before leaving New York, they had enough to buy a little house; and, from the young man's hard labour, the father's assistance, and the mother's economy, they soon got comfortable. Troubles began with apostates, leading, subsequently, to political combinations against Joseph, and, in 1844, to his death. The breaking up of the colony at Nauvoo followed, and the moving of the people to this place. The old man and his family were among the last that left Nauvoo, and were in the list of the sick that lay on the banks of the Mississippi, where Col. Kane, the good Samaritan, found them helpless. In 1850, they reached here, worn out, and penniless. The son went in the "Mormon" battalion to conquer the Mexicans, as required by the Government. He was discharged in California, on the establishment of peace. He had nothing to bring him home, so he commenced to work, and, in a short time, made a considerable amount of money in working for Horner, in the days of his agricultural prosperity. When he had enough to return and bless his parents, he came here, and lifted them from dependence, and placed them in comfortable circumstances. Two years ago, he died, from no other cause, I believe, than from over-working, to keep his father and mother comfortable, and to gather around them everything that they could desire in their last years in this weary world. They felt keenly the stroke, but measurably got round again. They were assisted on their land by a young, active man, till the troops came to Bridger. He has taken a course to their satisfaction, though now necessarily deprived of his help; and on Friday they took the road south alone—almost helpless, should

trouble or accident lay in their path. They were joyful withal; and when I shook hands with them on the road, at parting, they cried, and the old lady said, "Brother L., remember—

'When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The river of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress!'"

"All right!" joined the old silvery-haired gentleman. "The Lord will be with us and take us through. Bless Brigham, Heber, and Daniel! Amen." We parted. They were joyful. I was grieved. Happy thing for us, the future is often hid from our eyes. That meeting and parting will long live in my memory. I have seen many a family in this city, before enjoying every comfort our inland home could afford, turned out on the road, and I have calculated upon their change. But where they had youth and means I thought little of it; but where

"Age and poverty
That ill-matched pair"

have met, my heart has sunk within me.

I did not intend to write you these things, but my heart is full, and I could weep over the sufferings of many of my brethren and sisters. Your sister L. has brought me her note to enclose in my letter, and has asked me to read it. Well has she said, "I am afraid to mention our troubles here." None will feel it keener than she will. She leaves a comfortable home. When your mother and Mary left, and kissed the little ones round, I thought that L. would have broken her heart. Her cries were alarming. Possibly a few days together on the road will "drive dull care away," and the duties of

the march leave us little time to mourn our lot. May it be so!

You possibly might have preferred to hear of our movements; but I count on your learning of these from Col. Kane. Where we are going is undecided. The people are content to go where the Presidency direct. If the Government show no spark of humanity and disposition to do us justice, it is not unlikely that we will go to a warmer climate; but if Gov. Cumming, and Col. Kane, and other honourable men can be heard, and can be credited, on what they report from actual observation, and from the report of the former on the falsity of the charges of our enemies, which has caused this trouble, we may remain in the Territory. Meantime, the northern settlements will be vacated almost entirely. Trustees remain to manage and dispose of the property as they may be directed.

When those who have caved in will have entirely left the Territory, (and of that class I expect a very large number,) I do not believe that in heaven itself there will be a more united people. When the peace propositions were submitted, there was much excitement. It was hard for many to give up the hope of meeting their enemies; but when the President said the Government should be left without a pretext for persecution, and they should acquiesce with the suggestions offered, the ruffled spirits were in a measure calmed, but remain deeply chagrined. From this time the Government can have no pretext for the insults, annoyances, and wrongs that we have suffered; and they may yet do well. We'll see.

J. L.

HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

(Continued from page 456.)

[January, 1843.]

Monday, 30th. Spent the day at home until six in the evening, when I presided in the City Council, where much business was transacted, the most important of which was a bill reported by a committee, which passed as follows:—

LAWS AND ORDINANCES OF THE CITY OF NAUVOO.

The City Council do ordain as follows:—
The several sections following are declared

laws and ordinances of the said city; and any person who shall be guilty of any of the offences hereinafter mentioned shall be subject to the penalty hereinafter to be prescribed, to be sued for and collected before the Mayor, the Municipal Court, or any Alderman of said city.

OF CITY OFFICERS.

There shall be appointed by the City Council of Nauvoo, biennially, the following officers for the city of Nauvoo, in addition to those provided for in the City Charter of

said city,—to wit, an Engineer, Market-master, Weigher and Sealer of Weights and Measures, a Fire-warden in each ward of the city, a Sexton, and a Police-officer, to act, under the direction of the Mayor, as Captain of the Watch and a Supervisor of Streets and Alleys.

FIRST DIVISION.

OF THE PRESERVATION OF GOOD ORDER.

Sec. 1. No person shall keep a billiard-table, faro-bank, or any other instrument of gaming, where, or on, or with which, money, liquor, or other articles shall in any manner be played for. Or, if any person shall keep a disorderly or gaming-house, such person shall, for every offence, forfeit and pay a penalty of twenty-five dollars; and also the further penalty of twenty-five dollars for every forty-eight hours during which such person shall continue to keep the same after the first conviction for any violation of this section.

Sec. 2. Any person or persons who shall make, aid, countenance, or assist in making any improper noise, riot, disturbance, or diversion in the streets, or elsewhere, and all persons who shall collect in bodies or crowds for unlawful purposes, to the annoyance or disturbance of citizens or travellers, shall, for each offence, forfeit and pay a penalty not exceeding fifty dollars, in discretion of the Court convicting.

Sec. 3. No person shall use any abusive, indecent, or threatening words to another individual, without being deemed a disturber of the peace, and shall forfeit and pay a penalty of not less than one dollar, and not exceeding twenty dollars, and shall moreover be bound to keep the peace, in the discretion of the Court.

Sec. 4. If any person shall injure another by quarrelling, fighting, assaulting, beating, or otherwise, the person so offending shall, on conviction, forfeit and pay a penalty of not less than three dollars, and not exceeding one hundred dollars; and, moreover, may be imprisoned not exceeding six months, in the discretion of the Court convicting.

SECOND DIVISION.

OF STREETS AND ALLEYS.

Sec. 1. No person shall place or cause to be placed any stones, timber, lumber, plank, boards, or other materials for building, in or upon any street, lane, alley, or public square, without a written permission for that purpose first obtained from the Mayor or one of the Aldermen, under the penalty of two dollars for each offence, and the further penalty of two dollars for each and every forty-eight hours during which the articles or materials aforesaid shall be or remain in any such street, lane, alley, or

public square (without permission as aforesaid), after notice from the Mayor, any Alderman, the Supervisor of Streets, or any Police-officer, to remove the same.

Sec. 2. The Mayor, or any of the Aldermen, is authorized to grant to any person permission, in writing, to place and keep any building materials, in any of the public streets, for a period not exceeding four months; but such permission shall not authorize the obstructing of more than one-half the side-walk and one-half the street, on the side next the lot on which a building is to be or being erected, by the person to whom such permission is granted; and such permission may be revoked at any time by the City Council, in their discretion.

Sec. 3. Every person to whom permission is granted as aforesaid shall cause all the timber, building materials, and rubbish arising therefrom to be removed from the street by the expiration of the time limited in such permission as aforesaid, under the penalty of one dollar for every forty-eight hours the timber, materials, or rubbish aforesaid shall be and remain in such street after the expiration of the time limited in the permission granted; but no single recovery shall exceed the sum of twenty-five dollars.

Sec. 4. All ornamental or shade trees hereafter placed or set out in any street shall be placed within one foot of the outer line of the side-walk of such street, under the penalty of five dollars for each offence, and the further penalty of one dollar for each week any such tree shall be suffered to remain contrary to the prohibition contained in this section.

Sec. 5. All side-walks in said city shall be at least eight feet in width where the streets are three rods wide; but where the streets shall exceed that width, ten feet shall be the width.

Sec. 6. Any person who shall injure or tear up any pavement, side or cross-walk, drain, or sewer, or any part thereof, or who shall dig any hole, ditch, or drain in any street, without due authority, or who shall hinder or obstruct the making or repairing any pavement, side, or cross-walk which is or may be making under any law or resolution of the City Council, or who shall hinder or obstruct any person employed by the City Council, or the Supervisor of Streets, or the person employed by him in making or repairing any public improvement or work ordered by the City Council, shall, for every offence, forfeit and pay a penalty of ten dollars.

Sec. 7. No person shall cast or throw, or cause to be cast or thrown into any of the drains or sewers within the city, any straw, shavings, wood, stones, shells, rub-

bish, or any filthy or other substances, or any obstructions, nuisance, or injury in or to the same, by diverting or stopping the course thereof, or otherwise, under a penalty not exceeding ten dollars, nor less than one dollar for every offence, in the discretion of the Court convicting.

Sec. 8. No person shall, without permission from the City Council, dig, remove, or carry away, or cause the same to be done, any stone, earth, sand, or gravel, from any public street, highway, alley, or public ground in this city, under the penalty of five dollars for each offence.

(To be continued.)

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1858.

THE EXODUS.—It is not our design to enter into a speculation on the details of the programme of future movements to be made by the Saints in the Mountains, or to determine how much is left to future developments. We are satisfied to let those matters rest for the present, with the perfect assurance that "all's well." Much less do we intend to decide on the relative value of the many-coloured speculations of our very imaginative friends on the ultimate destination of the Saints, further than that we have a shrewd notion that they don't know much about it. Perhaps it would be generous in us, however, after their over-taxed efforts of imagination in our behalf, to suggest to them another possible plan of operations, among Brigham's resources. May not the Saints intend to excavate a subterranean State somewhere in the Rocky Mountains? After the successful experiment of putting a "Territory on wheels," the scheme is surely not impracticable. Henceforth, the moving or hollowing out of mountains must be mere child's play for the faith of the Saints. It is also just within the conception of the possible, that they could cut their way through to the other side of the earth. But we are bound to admit the impracticability of that scheme. Our principal object, however, now, is to let friend "Everybody" know how the news of the exodus affected us.

Did not our heads droop like a tender flower in a thunder-storm when the intelligences burst upon us? No: we are used to thunder-storms, and we remembered that the Saints were not flowers, but oaks. While the first crash was yet ringing in our ear, we could have bounded from our editorial chair, and shouted, or performed some odd, but expressive antic of boyhood. Not, however, that we were disposed for merriment,—rather the reverse: but the heart's fulness is relieved by vent; and, seeing it would have un-sexed us to weep, the temptation that assailed us was not unnatural. But let no one mourn over the supposition of our lost dignity; for we manfully resisted the temptation. Perhaps we ought to be serious on the occasion; but, for the life of us, we can't be sad. Sad! There is greater cause for rejoicing in the event than an ordinary jubilee could bring. Even that commonplace "Everybody" will not lose his spirits in the exhilarating sunshine. But it is the winters and hurricanes of life that try the strength of character and the force of soul. It is doubtless charming to walk among beds of roses, when the breath of the gentle zephyr plays around, and to inspire the fragrance fanned out and wafted to the senses in ravishing undulations. But there are souls who better love manifestations of force and proofs of stability—who would rather witness a forest of oaks battling with the storm, than enjoy the delights of the rose scene. The latter is more in keeping with sublimity

and power and is strongly congenial to the "Mormon" character. It is thus, and with such emotions, that we contemplate the exodus of the Saints, as the scene rises before us in all its touching grandeur. They have shown themselves as a forest of oaks, with power to brave the fury of the hurricane.

We deeply sympathise with our heroic brethren and sisters in the mountains; but our admiration of them overflows the flood of tenderness called up by their sacrifice. If a tear will glisten in the eye to see them cheerfully leave again their homes, with the stern resolution to sacrifice scores of millions of property, if necessary, a thrill of proud emotion swells the heart as their exclamation of holy resignation, "It is the Lord's will," comes in fancy on our ear. To read the struggles of an heroic woman with what she terms her "weakness," as she looked upon her "little ones," and painted the trials of a wandering life to which they would be exposed, and shuddered at the thought of those little ones falling victims to "the scalping-knife of the Indians,"—to hear her answer the question, "Is not 'Mormonism' worth all these sacrifices and even our lives," with a "yes,"—to listen as she acknowledges herself "truly ashamed" of her "weakness," and offers, as her only plea, extreme fondness for home—a "love of husband and children" that "knows no bounds," and the dread of "those dear ones suffering again,"—to hear her contemptuously ask, "Shall I turn like a coward, and say I cannot do it?" and then realize that it "was the struggle of a few hours only," at once touches the heart and excites admiration. It is a subject full of powerful pathos and sublime devotion. Brave spirit, tender mother, faithful wife, noble Saint, your struggle was not a "weakness" to be "ashamed" of! We follow her in imagination to the comfortable home of her friend Ellen, "to find them all ready to start," and hear the question put to know if Ellen does "not feel a little bad at leaving" her paradise. We see the "smile" as the noble answer comes—"These things are not ours; they are the Lord's; and if He requires me to leave them, I am ready;" and, as we send a prayer for them to heaven, could exclaim—Our women are heroes—our sisters conquerors! We go round in fancy, and see the Saints everywhere "making cheerful preparations for their departure, and a word of comfort on their lips for their neighbours," and, in the character of the "keen observer," "perceive a tear glistening in the eye of some of the stoutest among us!" but know its source is depth of feeling. Our soul is moved within us at the sight, and fain would we drive back the started tear with blessings. We follow an aged veteran, of long experience in the Church, whose head three-score-and-ten years have covered with silver locks. His aged wife is with him, and with his own hands he drives his cattle "south." The wife is administering comfort to another veteran Saint in the language of the poet—

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress,"

and her husband exclaiming, "All right! The Lord will be with us and take us through. Bless Brigham, Heber, and Daniel! Amen." We see it all, hear it all, and are moved, but not with sadness. Deep feeling is in keeping with such scenes, but sadness is out of place. Who that loves nobility, devotion, fidelity, and heroism, could be sad at such sights? Who could mourn over such Saints as these? Let pity and mourning be for those who need them; but the characters before us are worthy of sublime emotions. Whatever might be its results, we cannot regret the exodus. Its scenes are worth a thousand cities. The wealth of the world would not buy the examples which it has given. Though deeply touched by the pathos of the scenes, from our souls we thank God for the exodus. Moreover, wherever might be the destination

of the Saints in the Mountains, there are thousands in England who would joyfully accompany them and share their trials.

We cannot close without administering a word of comfort to the *New York Times* and all those who are in the least troubled with a "may be that the sect may die out in Central America, through pestilence, famine, or the hostility of the Indians." To us there is but one view in the matter,—namely, that it may *not*—it *will not* be. All those who truly sympathise with the Saints in their trial, we thank, and assure them that the destiny of the community is to *live*, and not to *die*. Moreover, perhaps, they won't go to Central America at all, and may not stop there, if they do. Who shall say where they "may not" go, and that they will not in their travels find the ark of Noah, the rod of Moses, Samson's jaw-bone of an ass, the sling and stone of David, the seven vials of wrath to be poured out on Babylon, the ten tribes of Israel, the chariot and mantle of Elijah, and at last the garden of Eden as their home! If these should be among the discoveries to be made by the Saints, and any of the friendly members of the Literati family desire to pay them a visit in their paradise, they will find the Saints not dead, but living, and doubtless prepared to give them a cordial welcome. Of course, no one will be expected who has the black mark on his name. All the "own correspondents" of *friendly* papers will also receive our helping hand, if at home; and we promise them a rich treat, comprising full accounts of the exodus and its results, a journal of the travels and doings of the Saints, and a history of many wonderful events of the last days.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

SCANDINAVIAN MISSION.

Lorentzens Gade, No. 504, D. 5.,
Copenhagen, June 25, 1858.

Dear President A. Calkin.

On my return, yesterday, from a trip in the Conferences in Jutland, I received yours of the 19th instant, and will, without delay, drop you these lines, begging you to excuse me for not writing immediately after our General Council, as I intended to communicate the substance thereof in my Half-yearly Report.

As already mentioned, the General Council met on the 11th ult., in Copenhagen; and, besides the Presiding Elders, some of the Travelling Elders were also present.

I can say we rejoiced in coming together, and felt a considerable portion of that Spirit which the Lord in His mercy is pouring out upon his covenant people in these last days. My heart felt to praise him, when I heard the cheering reports from the Conferences, the hopeful prospects for the future, the willingness manifested to receive and obey counsels, and the prevailing unison in all things.

I can indeed bear the testimony that the Scandinavian Saints in general are a good people, and that the condition of the work is healthy and prosperous. It is true, the different circumstances in the different parts of this Mission require much discernment in the Priesthood, enabling them to adopt and follow a policy suited for their fields of labour severally; but the Elders have gained considerable experience in the ministry; and, though illiterate and unlearned in a worldly point of view, they are nevertheless a set of honest, humble, obedient, and faithful men, full of the greatest desire and willingness to learn and improve by every word they receive from the servants of the Lord; and I consider it a great honour to preside over so goodly a people.

With regard to Denmark, the Elders can travel and preach in many places and regions without being disturbed or molested in any way, and our writings are read and patronized by many strangers. The spirit of persecution is very much abated, and we are not opposed with that bitterness and hatred that we had ex-

perianced before, as our opponents and countrymen in general begin to learn and observe that the Saints are not such a bad people as they have been represented. Though it happens, still, that false stories and misrepresentations are circulating, to some extent, about us and Utah, and the Elders are sometimes mobbed, driven, and beaten, but not so frequently as in past years, yet a more peaceable spirit is prevailing, and more indifference also, especially in places where the Gospel has been preached for some length of time. I therefore directed the Elders as much as possible to break up new fields, that the Gospel seed might be spread over the length and breadth of the country. For that purpose, the Conferences are divided into suitable districts, and a Travelling Elder appointed in each to counsel and assist the Local Priesthood in the Branches, and to preach and spread the written word in every direction where the Lord may open the way.

In Sweden, there is a harder work for the Elders to perform. The opposition is very great; imprisonments are frequent; Conference meetings have to be held in the night time, and as privately and secretly as possible. I attended such a Conference meeting in Malmœ, Soona Conference, the 16th instant. We assembled at twelve o'clock in the night, enjoyed much comfort of the Spirit, transacted our business, and dispersed quietly at five o'clock in the morning. From Stockholm I have lately received the intelligence that the police, finding out the place of our meetings, came to the house, dispersed the little congregation, closed the door, took possession of the key, summoned the President of the Conference before the Court, forbade him to hold meetings, and threatened him with banishment. We shall by-and-by learn the result. If they banish him, I will soon appoint another President, and the work of the Lord will roll on, in spite of all the police in Sweden.

As Stockholm Conference was too large in circumference, I found it wisdom to divide it into two, and organized another Conference by name of Norrköping, consisting of the middle provinces. In Gottenburg Conference there has also been some persecution, and the Presiding Elder is under trial.

The usual manner of proceeding against the Saints is, that when it is known a

person has embraced our faith, he or she is called before the clergy, (first the parson's, then the Bishop's Court,) and examined, admonished, and threatened. If they do not then return to the bosom of the State Church, the eyes of the police are upon them, watching for an opportunity to imprison them or get them sentenced and fined. The hypocritical priests have begun the seemingly Christian-like conduct, not alone to visit the erring sheep, but also to pray for them in the churches, as they do for the sick, publishing their names from the pulpit, that their good fellow-men also can pray for them. A cunning plan of the Evil One and his servants! But they will not gain much thereby: the faithful will abide in the truth.

As a striking sample of the religious intolerance in Sweden, I will mention that, lately, six women, who have left the Lutheran Church and embraced Catholicism, have been banished from their native country. If it had happened with Mormons, certainly all would have been right; but because it was done with children of "the Mother Harlot," a hue-and-cry is raised in all Christendom, protesting against such cruelty of Christians towards Christians, and subscriptions are gathered for the expelled. Poor fellows, how tender-hearted they are! This case will nevertheless strike a heavy blow at their illiberal laws; it will open a warm debate about the propriety and necessity of religious liberty, and some bold and daring spirits, inspired of the Lord, will combat for the natural rights and privileges of the people. I can clearly see the hand of the Lord in these movements; and, meanwhile, his kingdom is spreading and gaining more and more ground.

From Norway we had also a cheering report. The progress is sure, but rather slow, as the Elders are so frequently imprisoned; but, as soon as they are liberated, they go to with all their strength, and are spreading the testimony as fast as they can. I had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance with two brethren from the northern part of Norway, to skippers, (masters of crafts running between Norway, Sweden, and Denmark,) who had been lately baptised and were full of faith, spirit, and love for the cause, and had come for the express purpose of attending the General Council, and desired, if it was the will of the Lord, through me, to be appointed a mission in their native coun-

try. The Spirit bore testimony that they were men of the right stripe, and they were called, ordained, and set apart for the northern part of Norway. It is a rocky land, and it is rather hard work to hew the Saints out of the rocks.

The substance of the reports of the Elders from the various parts showed that they have enjoyed much of the spirit of their respective callings, and the Spirit bore testimony of their faithfulness and integrity, which Elder N. Wilhelmsen and myself have witnessed under our travellings in the Conferences.

During the months of January, February, March, and April, there were baptised in this Mission, 500 souls.

The Saints in general are faithful, obedient to counsel, willing and ready to pay their Tithing, with few exceptions, and to meet every necessary call for the promotion of the work. But the past and present season have been rather unfavourable for many of the Saints, who are out of employment, and are scarcely able to procure the most necessary articles for their support; and to some extent this is still the case. Some of the Conferences I found almost too weak and poor to defray the necessary expenses and pay some debts accumulated in times past, not through mismanagement, but rather on account of their great willingness to borrow money and donate to emigrating Elders, Saints, and Travelling Elders. The financial matters were taken under earnest consideration, and we gave them all necessary attention; and the Spirit assisted us in our deliberations and counsellings; so that I believe we shall soon be able to lift, or by-and-by to lighten the burden of the weaker Conferences, through a good management and some assistance from the wealthier part of the Mission. I was glad to learn that, from the beginning when the principle of Tithing was introduced, Tithing-books have been kept, and they have recorded the

names of every individual and the amounts paid; and we have now improved our Records by the pattern you were so obliging as to send us. In the General Council, as well as in my visits to the Conferences, I have had opportunities to give instructions and see to the financial matters; and I trust that we shall, by-and-by, get these things in good working order.

Our Council lasted three days, and we felt from the beginning to the end the strength and power of the spirit of Zion, of Joseph, of Brigham, Heber, Daniel, and the European Presidency. We were much instructed, edified, comforted, and strengthened. It was a joyful time—an affecting sight, to see the radiant faces and the uplifted hands, when the authorities of the Church in Zion and Europe were represented. You could feel the votes come from their hearts; and when the Elders expressed their fervent wishes for the prosperity of the authorities, for the cause of Zion, for the kingdom of God, and for their own deliverance, together with that of all the faithful, and their gathering with the people of God, the tears arose in my eyes, and I responded with a hearty "amen."

As the time is close at hand when I shall send you the Half-yearly Report, I will close at present, and beg to be kindly remembered to all associated with you. Elders Wilhelmsen and Thomasen also join in love and respect. May the Holy One of Israel strengthen you, bodily and mentally; and may your health improve, dear President, that you may continue to be a blessing to us, through your fatherly and instructive counsels, is the prayer of the Scandinavian Saints and of your humble servant in the Lord,

C. WIDERBORG.

P. S. — Excuse my poor English. Remember that I am a Scandinavian.

C. W.

THE REBEL ARMY.

(From the "New York Tribune," July 3.)

The latest accounts from Utah present the affairs of that Territory in rather a queer light. All the correspondents of the newspapers who write from Camp

Scott most zealously contend that Governor Cumming, in representing the Mormons as having submitted to his authority, has either been grossly deceived himself,

or else is seeking to deceive the Government and the country. Possibly, as to this matter, the good people at Camp Scott, civil and military, judge the Mormons a little too much by themselves. If the disposition to obey the Governor and to second and sustain him in the exercise of his office is not greater within the Valley than it seems to be at Camp Scott and Fort Bridger, the extent of the Governor's authority is certainly limited enough. Whether or not Brigham Young and his people have combined together, while seeming to acknowledge Cumming as Governor—in fact to set aside and override his authority, at least it is very certain that such a combination exists in full force at Camp Scott, with Mr. Chief-Justice Eckels at its head. Perhaps there is something in the air of Utah that stimulates to treason, rebellion, and resistance to authority. Whether that be so or not, the authority of Cumming as Governor seems just now quite as much in danger from the Chief-Justice, the civil officers, and the army sent to Utah at such an expense to place him and sustain him in the Governor's chair, as from those whose anticipated opposition to his authority led to such costly preparations to uphold it. In fact, it would seem that, on the question of due respect to Cumming's gubernatorial authority, the people inside the Valley and those out of it had completely changed ground. The resistance to Gov. Cumming is not now on the part of Brigham Young and the Mormons generally, but on the part of Chief-Justice Eckels, Marshal Dotson, Gen. Johnston, the camp, and the camp-followers.

In this resistance to the authority of Gov. Cumming and combination to reduce him, if possible, to a cipher, the recently-arrived Peace Commissioners, according to all accounts, have joined, actuated possibly by a feeling of jealousy that they should have been anticipated by Gov. Cumming and the work of pacification taken out of their hands. Nor, if we are to believe the letters from the camp, do these gentlemen confine themselves merely to thwarting the policy of Gov. Cumming and nullifying his authority as Governor. They go, indeed, much further than that. The President's proclamation, of which they are the bearers, does not meet their approbation, or appear to them adapted to the exigencies

of the case. They harmonize completely, we are told, with Judge Eckels and Gen. Johnston, and, not content with upsetting and overriding the Governor, are resolved to upset and override the President too. The proclamation is, therefore, to be construed—by the help, we suppose, of that profound jurist, Judge Eckels—in conformity to their ideas. In other words, it is to be nullified and set aside.

We have heard a great deal heretofore about the danger of personal violence and loss of property to which the Gentiles in the Territory of Utah have been exposed on the part of the Mormons. At present, the danger seems to be entirely the other way. Nothing can exceed the rancorous and even ferocious feelings against the Mormons with which the army at Camp Scott appears to be penetrated. They regard themselves as engaged not so much in a public service as in the prosecution of a private quarrel. They regard the Mormons as having subjected them to all the hard service of this campaign—as having kept them encamped all winter on short rations amid the mountains—as having derided, maligned, and insulted them; and even the very common soldiers are represented as having put on an air of offended dignity at the idea that the Peace Commissioners had arrived to snatch these hated victims from their revengeful grasp. This state of feeling on the part of the soldiers affords an abundant justification for Gov. Cumming's objections to their entry into the Valley and for the dread and horror with which the Mormons regard their presence there. If it be deemed proper or necessary to station troops in Utah, they ought to be some fresh *corps*, and not a body of men filled with such hatred and prejudice. Let some of the troops now on their march across the Plains be employed in this service, and the force now collecting under Gen. Johnson be sent in some other direction. That officer, however, would seem bent upon entering the Valley, in spite of the remonstrances of Gov. Cumming, whose authority over the troops he denies, with the very object, it would seem, of driving the Mormons to destroy their houses and to prevent them from gathering their crops, thus subjecting thousands of women and children to the danger of starvation.

PASSING EVENTS.

GENERAL.—On the 8th July, hostilities re-commenced between the Mussulmans and rajahs in Bosnia; and 3,000 Christians crossed the frontier into Austrian Croatia. Farther outrages in Turkey against the Christians are reported. Fresh religious outrages are reported from Candia. The King of Oude is now a state prisoner in Calcutta, awaiting an investigation into the extent of his complicity in the rebellion. The fort of Gwalior has fallen into the hands of the rebels, who are 17,000 strong there. Bands of the courageous enemy abound in all directions; and in northern Oude ominously large forces are on foot, ready for action. The heat of the weather, said to be unparalleled in India this season, is in favour of the rebels; for while they, light of heel and lightly clad, move swiftly from place to place, and do not suffer as we do from the heat of the weather, our men fall by scores under the keen arrows of the sun.

AMERICAN.—Floods and tornadoes of a terrible nature have lately visited the land of the West. Crops of all kinds, dwellings, railways, canals, &c., have been devastated, and many millions of dollars' worth of property entirely destroyed. Particular accounts of the catastrophe will be given in subsequent Numbers of the *Star*. Indian difficulties with the United States are fast brewing. The *Dacotah* correspondent of the *New York Herald* describes a fearful attack on the town of Madeira by the Yankton and Cissidan Indians. The town was completely burned down, and 50,000 dollars' worth of the property of the settlers carried off. The whole frontier from Minnesota to California is pregnant with danger. About the same date that Colonel Steptoe met a defeat in the Simcoe Valley, with a loss of 50 men, a brutal massacre of Indian women and children took place at Fort Throne in Arizona, by a party of Mexicans, for the purpose of provoking war. The Commissioner for Indian Affairs, in his report to Congress, represented the Indian tribes of Oregon and Washington Territories in a very unsettled state, and predicted a general outbreak on the north-western frontier. The *Herald*, remarking on that fact, says—"The events now transpiring, not alone in these regions, but on the borders of Texas, California, and New Mexico, are ominous of a lengthened and expensive Indian war, which may cost much blood and treasure before it is terminated." On the 5th of June, the army received a general order, directing it to prepare for march into Salt Lake Valley as soon as possible. The army was delighted on receiving this order. On the 11th of June, General Johnston issued orders for the march of the troops; and though the time of moving is not named in the order, it is understood that the first division will start on the 13th, the second on the 14th, and the third on the 15th. The Government has received a letter from Major Ben McCulloch from Camp Scott, in which he states as his belief that one of the reasons why the Mormons deserted their habitations was to guard their women from the apprehended excessive gallantry of the soldiery. The Mormons, he says, do not believe that the army has orders or authority to pursue them. He thinks a great mistake has been committed in permitting the Saints to gather their crops! The "Peace Commissioners" were going at once to Salt Lake, but not with the army, although it is said that they perfectly agree with Johnston, and had said, "Do not delay a single hour on our account." The army is full of the most vindictive, cruel spirit; and it appears to be the calculation of both Johnston and the model Peace Commissioners to prevent the Saints from gathering their crops and to pursue them. This barbarous, inhuman intention has called forth a protest from Dr. J. M. Bernhisel, the delegate from Utah, in which he also reproaches the Government for breach of faith with his constituents. General Harney will be recalled from Utah, and proceed to Oregon, and assume command of the forces there.

VARIETIES.

If thou hast a loitering servant, send him on thine errand just before his dinner.

A COUNTRY editor thinks that Columbus is not entitled to much credit for discovering America, as the country is so large that he could not well have missed it!

THE DEAD LANGUAGES.—A person pretending to have seen a ghost, was asked what the apparition said to him. "How should I know?" he replied: "I am not skilled in the dead languages!"